

# ARCHES

## A MERIDA POEM

In Merida there are arches everywhere,  
Grand openings to fine vistas and  
Simple entryways of more mundane places,  
Some monolithic apertures in stone walls,  
Others flying entrances, lifted aloft by columns:  
Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Mexicano.

An arch is the softest of openings and  
The most perfect portal for moving  
Through the hard divisions in life,  
Between spaces separated by function,  
Opening one into another without the  
Broken and jagged edges of lines.

A city gate that rises high above the street  
Frames lanes of taxis and city buses with its  
Classical Roman form as if to confer  
Some type of imperial order on the crazy  
And crowded tangle of traffic that passes  
Through its arch like a cavalcade of Vandals.

In Merida all entrances and exits are done  
With classical flourish, and all mistakes  
Are mitigated by an architectural order,  
As everything that passes through an arch  
Appears more refined and even the most  
Incongruous spirit emerges more perfect.

- Doug Tanoury